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## Some Lessons from History

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### THE PARTITION OF POLAND

It would be very interesting to review some of the more important events that marked the course of the tragedies we are studying. But interesting and helpful as they might be time and space forbid our noting more than the results and the general causes that made them possible. Last week we saw how Prussia stole Silesia and by her will to win held onto the loot until the wearied nations opposed to her yielded to her determination. We saw how Russia after fighting for a time against Prussia turned and fought for her

Robbing Austria of one province only whetted Frederick's appetite for more spoils. Soon he cast his hungry eyes toward the east. for centuries Poland had enjoyed a government sometimes called a republic but more accurately denominated as half anarchy with occasional periods of stability. Notwithstanding its weakness a freedom of conscience was allowed not known in any other parts of the world. During the century and a half that followed the discovery of America Poland was the refuge of men seeking religious liberty. While the cold and brutal Torquemada was feeding the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, while the devil hearted Catherine De'Medici was bathing France in blood, Poland was offering a home for the oppressed. Under John Sobieska this people saved Europe from the curse of the Turk. If there had been such a thing as christian gratitude in Europe the heroism of this man would have spared Poland from her cruel fate. If ever there was proof that honor, a righ cou. cause and idealism can not protect a people it may be read in the history of this Slav country.

Frederick had the ambition of a Hohenzollern and the cunning of a Bismark. He made it appear as though the suggestion for the partition of Poland came from Catherine, the czarina of Russia, though this cunning woman balked when it came to presenting the matter to the high-minded Maria Theresa. Probably thinking to offer amends for the the theft of Silesia Fredrick presented the question to Austria with the suggestion that she too share the spoil. With an uneasy conscience Maria Theresa finally became a partner in this ignoble plan. The condition of Poland at that time was somewhat like that in Russia today. There was no unity of action among the Poles. Without efficient or wise leaders they drifted aimlessly towards their doom. The flood that was to overwhelm them grew mightier and finally broke over the land in a devasting torrent that their spasmodic efforts could not hinder nor long delay Thoughtful men had seen the danger and had begged in vain for proper preparation. Their pleas, their entreaties, their tears fell upon unhearing ears. It seemed that God had surrendered Poland to satan for tribulation as he had Job of old. Only an American who for the last three and a half years has seen clearly the fate that was intended for us and begged and pleaded for some vision and some verile leadership to save us from slavery can know the agony of the Polish patriots who besought their brothers without avail to prepare to meet the storm that was coming. How cruel, how bitter, for one who loves his country to see it smugly self complacent drifting towards ruin, its leaders sleeping at ths post of duty or with faces turned to the sky letting it drift unheeding and unprepared into the maelstrom of war. Many of the heroic Poles despairing at last of rousing their bretheren and seeing the fate that was in store for them turned with anguished heart to serve the cause of liberty and freedom in other lands. Such for example was the noble Kosciusko who served so well under our own Washington America remembers him with gratitude but if she lets the things for which he fought die she will have betrayed the cause for which he devoted his life.

After the American Revolution Kosciusko returned to his native country in time to oppose the last attack that carried all the Poles under a foreign yoke. By this time all Poland saw the the danger and sought to support the effort of those who years before had done what they could to avert the disaster that now overtook their country. The Poles have a very unfortunate maxim that,—"Strip a Pole to his shirt and he will save nothing,—try to take that and he will regain all." Poland acted out this maxim in the presence of the scheming Frederick and the cunning Catherine. Too late she found that shirt and all were gone beyond recovery and that her people had the fetters of slavery forged upon them and could not break them off. Nobly did Kosciusko fight, bravely did many rally around his standard and battle to the death but in vain. Too late they undertook to resist the thief. God grant it may not be so with us today We are not yet ready and the crisis of war draws on. The Hohenzollern kaiser has impressed upon Germany the will to win. The gravest danger today is lies in the possibility that Germany will so direct the course of anarchy in Russia that soon an efficient government will arise that will force the masses into an unwilling service of the kaiser. It was the switching of sides by Russia that enabled Frederick the Great to keep Silesia. Let us hasten every endevor, let us bend every energy to the work of war. Strikes, or bickering for advantage due to the war crisis are not only unpatriotic but criminal. The most humble citizen of America is by his effort, by his steadfast loyalty helping to make the world free. By energy tireless and unresting will this war be won. By her dishonorable methods Germany stands without her boundries and fights on the soil she has outraged and oppressed She believes that her will, her grit, will wear out those who oppose her way. We will have to admit that in the past such has been the apparent lesson of history. Only the terrible genius of Napoleon, cold, selfish and without human pity has humbled the proud Hohenzollern family. We must meet the Prussian of today with the practical efficiency of Bonaparte but without sacrificing our ideals But in retaining these ideals we must remember that they never killed a German soldier nor saved a Belgian woman from outrage. Back of those ideals must be the power of a big stick wielded with vigor and will until the arrogant Prussian is beaten to the dust Then we may properly begin to speak softly. Our ideals do not annoy the kaiser so long as we send them abroad on winged words. He drives his ideals home with forty centimeter guns and cold steel. Until the means on which he relies are broken our hopes, our aims avail little. Let every American read in the fate of Poland the fate that was meant for us, yes and for the world. In Prussian Poland land has been taken from the Poles their schools broken up and the speaking of their language made a crime. Even more their men and women were drafted to fight that other peoples might be made slaves of the kaiser Until this demon is beaten the earth must bleed. War today is not merely a contest between armed men, it is a struggle between whole nations. Prussia has boasted that it is not so much the army as the will of the nation that prevails; that the nation that will suffer most, endure longest, will be the conquerer It is her belief that she will wear out her enemies by her determination until she can drive a wedge between them and beat them in detail. She has succeeded in Russia and has split her off. Now she is trying to break in between America and her brave allies who are dying that we may have time to prepare. England and France have saved our liberty thus far, let nothing divide us from them until the war lord takes the count.

# PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By Ethel Huestor

AUTHOR OF "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### The Twins Have a Proposal.

It was half past three on a delightful summer afternoon. The twins stood at the gate with two hatless youths, performing what seemed to be the serious operation of separating their various tennis rackets and shoes from the conglomerate jumble. Finally, laughing and calling back over their shoulders, they sauntered lazily up the walk toward the house, and the young men set off in the direction from which they had come. They were hardly out of hearing distance when the front door opened, and Aunt Grace beckoned hurriedly to the twins.

"Come on, quick," she said. "Where in the world have you been all day? Did you have any luncheon? Mrs. Forrest and Jim were here, and they invited you to go home with them for a week in the country. I said I knew you'd want to go, and they promised to come for you at four, but I couldn't find any place. I suppose it is too late now. It's—"

"A week!"

"At Forrests'?"

"Come on, Lark, sure we have time enough. We'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

"Come on up, Auntie; we'll tell you where we've been."

The twins flew up the stairs, their aunt as close behind as she deemed safe. Inside their own room they promptly and ungracefully kicked off their loose pumps, tossed their tennis shoes and racquets on the bed, and began tugging at the cords of their middy blouses.

"You go and wash, Carol," said Lark, "while I comb. Then I can have the bathroom to myself. And hurry up! You haven't any time to primp."

"Pack the suitcase and the bag, will you, Auntie, and—"

"I already have," she answered, laughing at their frantic energy. "And I put out these white dresses for you to wear, and—"

"Gracious, auntie! They button in the back and have sixty buttons apiece. We'll never have time to fasten them," expostulated Carol, without diminishing her speed.

"I'll button while you powder, that'll be time enough."

"I won't have time to powder," called back Carol from the bathroom, where she was splashing the water at a reckless rate. "I'll wear a veil and powder when I get there. Did you pack any clean handkerchiefs, auntie? I'm clear out. If you didn't put any in, you'd better go and borrow Connie's. Lucky thing she's not here."

Shining with zeal and soap, Carol dashed out, and Lark dashed in.

"Are there any holes in these stockings?" Carol turned around, lifting her skirts for inspection. "Well, I'm sorry, I won't have time to change them. Did they come in the auto? Good!" She was brushing her hair as she talked. "Yes, we had a luncheon, all pie, though. We played tennis this morning; we were intending to come home right along, or we'd have phoned you. We were playing with George Castle and Fritzie Zale.—Is it sticking out any place?" She lowered her head backward for her aunt to see. "Stick a pin in it, will you? Thanks. They dared us to go to the pie counter and see which couple could eat the most pieces of lemon pie, the couple which lost paying for all the pie. It's not like betting, you know; it's a kind of reward of merit, like a Sunday-school prize. No, I won't put on my slippers till the last thing, my heel's sore, my tennis shoe rubbed the skin off. My feet seem to be getting tender. Think it's old age?"

Lark now emerged from the bathroom, and both twins performed a flying exchange of dresses.

"Who won?"

"Lark and George ate eleven pieces, and Fritzie and I only nine. So Fritzie paid. Then we went on the campus and played mumble-te-peg, or whatever you call it. It is French, auntie."

"Did they ask us to stay a whole week, auntie?" inquired Lark.

"Yes. Jim was wearing his new gray suit and looked very nice. I've never been out to their home. Is it very nice?"

"Um, swell!" This was from Carol, Lark being less slangily inclined. "They have about sixteen rooms, and two maids—they call them 'girls'—and electric lights, and a private water supply, and—and—horses, and cows—oh, it's great! We've always been awfully fond of Jim. The nicest thing about him is that he always takes a girl home when he goes to class things and socials. I can't endure a fellow who walks home by himself. Jim always asks Larkie and me first, and if we are taken he gets someone else. Most boys, if they can't get first choice, pike off alone."

"Now, Carol," said Aunt Grace, smiling. "Be easy on him. He's so nice it would be a shame to—"

Carol threw up her eyes in horror. "I'm shocked," she cried. Then she dimpled. "But I wouldn't hurt Jim for anything. I'm very fond of him. Do you really think there are any—er—indications—"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it. I'm just judging by the rest of the community."

Lark was performing the really difficult feat of putting on and buttoning her slippers standing on one foot for the purpose and stooping low. Her face was flushed from the exertion.

"Do you think he's crazy about you, Carol?" she inquired, rather seriously, and without looking up from the shoe she was so laboriously buttoning.

"Oh, I don't know. There are a few circumstances which seem to point that way. Take that new gray suit for instance. Now you know yourself, Lark, he didn't need a new gray suit, and when a man gets a brand-new suit for no apparent reason, you can generally put it down that he's waxing romantic. Then there's his mother—she's begun telling me all his good points, and how cute he was when he was born, and she showed me one of his curls and a lot of his baby pictures—it made Jim wild when he came in and caught her at it, and she tells me how good he is and how much money he's got. That's pointed, very. But I must confess," she concluded candidly, "that Jim himself doesn't act very loverly."

"He thinks lots of you, I know," said Lark, seriously. "Whenever he's alone with me he praises you every minute of the time."

"That's nothing. When he's alone with me he praises you all the time, too. Where's my hat, Lark? I'll bet Connie wore it, the little sinner! Now what shall I do?"

"You left it in the barn yesterday—don't you remember you hung it on the harness hook when we went out for eggs, and—"

"Oh, so I did. There comes Connie now." Carol thrust her head out of the window. "Connie, run out to the barn and bring my hat, will you? It's on the harness hook. And hurry! Don't stop to ask questions, just trot along and do as you're told."

Carol returned again to her toilet. "Well, I guess I have time to powder after all. I don't suppose we'll need to take any money, auntie, do you? We won't be able to spend it in the country."

"I think you'd better take a little. They might drive to town, or go to a social, or something."

"Can't do it. Haven't a cent."

"Well, I guess I can lend you a little," was the smiling reply. It was a standing joke in the family that Carol had been financially hard pressed ever since she began using powder several years previous.

"Are you fond of Jim, Carol?" Lark jumped away backward in the conversation, asking the question gravely, her eyes upon her sister's face.

"Hum! Yes, I am," was the light retort. "Didn't Prudence teach us to love everybody?"

"Don't be silly. I mean if he proposes to you, are you going to turn him down, or not?"

"What would you advise, Lark?" Carol's brows were painfully knitted. "He's got five hundred acres of land, worth at least a hundred an acre, and a lot of money in the bank—his mother didn't say how much, but I imagine several thousand anyhow. And he has that nice big house, and an auto, and—oh, everything nice! Think of the fruit trees, Larkie! And he's good-looking, too. And his mother says he is always good-natured even before breakfast, and that's very exceptional, you know! Very! I don't know that I could do much better, do you, auntie? I'm sure I'd look cute in a sunbonnet and apron, milking the cows! So, boss, so, there, now! So, boss!"

"Why, Carol!"

"But there are objections, too. They have pigs. I can't bear pigs! Poooooey, poooooey! The filthy little things! I don't know—Jim and the gray suit and the auto and the cows are very nice, but when I think of Jim and overalls and pigs and onions and freckles I have goose flesh. Here they come! Where's that other slipper? Oh, it's clear under the bed!" She wriggled after it, coming out again breathless. "Did I rub the powder all off?" she asked, anxiously.

The low honk of the car sounded outside, and the twins dumped a miscellaneous assortment of toilet articles into the battered suit-case and the tattered hand bag. Carrol grabbed her hat from Connie, leisurely strolling through the hall with it, and sent her flying after her gloves. "If you can't find mine, bring your own," she called after her.

Aunt Grace and Connie escorted them triumphantly down the walk to the waiting car where the young man in the new sentimental gray suit stood beside the open door. His face was boyishly eager, and his eyes were full of a satisfaction that had a sort of excitement in it, too. Aunt Grace looked at him and sighed. "Poor boy," she thought. "He is nice! Carol is a mean little thing!"

He smiled at the twins impartially. "Shall we flip a coin to see who I get in front?" he asked them, laughing.

His mother leaned out from the back seat, and smiled at the girls very cordially. "Hurry, twinnies," she said, "we must start, or we'll be late for supper. Come in with me, won't you, Larkie?"

"What a greasy schemer she is," thought Carol, climbing into her place without delay.

Jim placed the battered suitcase and the tattered bag beneath the seat and drew the rug over his mother's knees. Then he went to Lark's side, and tucked it carefully about her feet.

"It's awfully dusty," he said. "You shouldn't have dolled up so. Shall I put your purse in my pocket? Don't forget you promised to feed the chickens—I'm counting on you to do it for me."

Then he stepped in beside Carol, laughing into her bright face, and the good-bys rang back and forth as the car rolled away beneath the heavy arch of oak leaves that roofed in Maple avenue.

The twins fairly reveled in the glories of the country through the golden days that followed, and enjoyed every minute of every day, and begrudged the hours they spent in sleep. The time slipped by "like banana skins," declared Carol crossly, and refused to explain her comparison. And the last day of their visit came. Supper was over at seven o'clock and Lark said, with something of wistfulness in her voice, "I'm going out to the orchard for a farewell weep all by myself. And don't any of you disturb me—I'm so ugly when I cry."

So she set out alone, and Jim, a little awkwardly, suggested that Carol take a turn or so up and down the lane with him. Mrs. Forrest stood at the window and watched them, tearful-eyed, but with tenderness.

"My little boy," she said to herself, "my little boy. But she's a dear, sweet, pretty girl."

In the meantime, Jim was acquitting himself badly. His face was pale. He was nervous, ill at ease. He stammered when he spoke. Self-consciousness was not habitual to this young man of the Iowa farm. He was not an awkward, ignorant, gangling farmhand we meet in books and see on stages. He had attended the high school in Mount Mark, and had been graduated from the state agricultural college with high honors. He was a farmer, as his father had been before him, but he was a farmer of the new era, one of those men who takes plain farming and makes it a profession, almost a fine art. Usually he was self-possessed, assertive, confident, but, in the presence of this sparkling twin, for once he was abashed.

Carol was in an ecstasy of delight. She was not a man-eater, perhaps, but she was early romance-mad.

The callow youths of Mount Mark, of the Epworth league, and the college, were almost unanimous in laying their adoration at Carol's feet. But Carol saw the elasticity, the buoyancy, of loves like these, and she couldn't really count them. She felt that she was ripe for a bit of solid experience now, and there was nothing callow about Jim—he was solid enough. And now, although she could see that his feelings stirred, she felt nothing but excitement and curiosity. A proposal, a real one! It was imminent, she felt it.

"Carol," he began abruptly, "I am in love."

"A-are you?" Carol had not expected him to begin in just that way.

"Yes; I have been for a long time, with the sweetest and dearest girl in the world. I know I am not half good enough for her, but—I love her so much that—I believe I could make her happy."

"D-do you?" Carol was frightened. She reflected that it wasn't so much fun as she had expected. There was something wonderful in his eyes, and in his voice. Maybe Lark was right—maybe it did hurt! Oh, she really shouldn't have been quite so nice to him!

"She is young—so am I—but I know what I want, and if I can only have her, I'll do anything I—" His voice broke a little. He looked very handsome, very grown-up, very manly. Carol quivered. She wanted to run away and cry. She wanted to put her arms around him and tell him she was very, very sorry and she would never do it again as long as she lived and breathed.

"Of course," he went on, "I am not a fool. I know there isn't a girl like her in ten thousand, but—she's the

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